

PROPOSALS

For PRINTING by

SUBSCRIPTION.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

From the Text of

THOMAS NEWTON D.D.

BIRMINGHAM

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE for

J. and R. TONSON in LONDON.

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CONDITIONS.

The book will be printed in two Volumes octavo, on the same Paper and with the same letter as the Specimen annexed; the price to Subscribers (whose names will be prefixed to the work) will be fifteen Shillings in Sheets; one half to be paid down at the time of subscribing, and the remainder on delivery of the Volumes.

N B. The usual allowance will be given to the trade.

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J. BASKERVILLE returns thanks to the Gentlemen who honored him with their Names to his Edition of Virgil; and begs those who have not received their Volume to give a line either to himself or Mr. Doddsley in Pall Mall, and they shall be immediately supplied.

175 Received of

Seven Shillings and six-pence being the first payment for Milton's Poetical Works in two Volumes, which I promise to deliver in Sheets on payment of the like Sum.

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P R E F A C E.

AMONGST the several mechanic Arts that have engaged my attention, there is no one which I have pursued with so much steadiness and pleasure, as that of *Letter-Founding*. Having been an early admirer of the beauty of Letters, I became insensibly desirous of contributing to the perfection of them. I formed to my self Ideas of greater accuracy than had yet appeared, and have endeavoured to produce a *Sett of Types* according to what I conceived to be their true proportion.

Mr. Caslon is an Artist, to whom the Republic of Learning has great obligations; his ingenuity has left a fairer copy for my emulation, than any other master. In his great variety of *Characters* I intend not to follow him; the *Roman* and *Italic* are all I have hitherto attempted; if in these he has left room for improvement, it is probably more owing to that variety which divided his attention, than to any other cause. I honor his merit, and only wish to derive some small share of Reputation, from an Art which proves accidentally to have been the object of our mutual pursuit.

After having spent many years, and not a
A 2 little

P R E F A C E.

little of my fortune in my endeavours to advance this art; I must own it gives me great Satisfaction, to find that my Edition of *Virgil* has been so favorably received. The improvement in the Manufacture of the *Paper*, the *Colour*, and *Firmness* of the *Ink* were not overlooked; nor did the accuracy of the workmanship in general, pass unregarded. If the judicious found some imperfections in the *first attempt*, I hope the 'present work will shew that a proper use has been made of their Criticisms: I am conscious of this at least, that I received them as I ever shall, with that degree of deference which every private man owes to the Opinion of the public.

It is not my desire to print many books; but such only, as are *books of Consequence*, of *intrinsic merit*, or *established Reputation*, and which the public may be pleased to see in an elegant dress, and to purchase at such a price, as will repay the extraordinary care and expence that must necessarily be bestowed upon them. Hence I was desirous of making an experiment upon some one of our best English Authors, among those *Milton* appeared the most eligible. And I embrace with pleasure the opportunity of acknowledging in this public manner the generosity of *Mr. Tonson*;

P R E F A C E.

son; who with singular politeness complimented me with the privilege of printing an entire Edition of that *Writers Poetical Works*.

In the execution of this design, if I have followed with exactness the Text of *Dr. Newton*, it is all the merit of *that kind* which I pretend to claim. But if this performance shall appear to persons of judgment and penetration, in the *Paper, Letter, Ink and Workmanship* to excel; I hope their approbation may contribute to procure for me what would indeed be the extent of my Ambition, a power to print an Octavo *Common-Prayer Book*, and a FOLIO BIBLE.

Should it be my good fortune to meet with this indulgence, I wou'd use my utmost efforts to perfect an Edition of them with the greatest Elegance and Correctness; a work which I hope might do some honor to the English Press, and contribute to improve the pleasure, which men of true taste will always have in the perusal of those *sacred Volumes*.

JOHN BASKERVILLE.

P E E C E

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PARADISE LOST.

A

P O E M

I N

T W E L V E B O O K S.

I N
P A R A D I S U M A M I S S A M
S U M M I P O E T A E

J O H A N N I S M I L T O N I .

QUI legis *Amissam Paradisum*, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terraeque, tractusque maris, caelumque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque specus:
Quaeque colunt terras, pontumque, et Tartara caeca,
Quaeque colunt summi lucida regna poli:
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus:
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
Haec qui speraret quis crederet esse futura?
Et tamen haec hodie terra Britannia legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quae protulit arma!
Quae canit, et quanta praelia dira tuba!
Coelestes acies! atque in certamine caelum!
Et quae coelestes pugna deceret agros!

Quantus

*Quantus in aethereis tollit se Lucifer armis!
Atque ipso graditur vix Michael minor!
Quantis, et quam funestis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali de super igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnae non superesse suae.
At simul in caelis Messiae insignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotae strident, et saeva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
Admistis flammis insonuere polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
Ad poenas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus asylum,
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii,
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Haec quicumque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
Maeonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.*

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

On

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song,
(So Sampson grop'd the temple's posts in spight)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his project, the success did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labors to pretend a share.

Thou hast not mis'd one thought that could be fit,
And

And all that was improper doſt omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majeſty which through thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'ſt of in ſuch ſtate
As them preſerves, and thee, inviolate
At once delight and horror on us ſeiſe,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much gravity and eaſe;
And above human flight doſt ſoar aloft
With plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft.
The bird nam'd from that Paradife you ſing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldſt thou words of ſuch a compaſs find?
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expence of mind?
Juſt Heav'n thee like Tiresias to requite
Rewards with prophecy thy loſs of ſight.

Well might'ſt thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rime, of thy own ſenſe ſecure;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and ſpells,
And like a pack-horſe tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our buſhy-points appear,
The poets tag them, we for faſhion wear.
I too tranſported by the mode Commend.
And while I mean to Praise thee muſt offend,
Thy verſe created like thy theme ſublime,
In number, weight, and meaſure, needs not rime.

ANDREW MARVEL.

THE

T H E V E R S E.

TH E measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have express'd them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note, have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

T H E

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

This first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep: Which action pass'd over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen in Hell, describ'd here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accur'd) but in a place of utter darkness, fittiest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

PARADISE LOST.

B O O K I.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, 'till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues 15
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast abyss,

And

2 *PARADISE LOST.* Book I.

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
 Illumin, what is low raise and support;
 That to the highth of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence, 25
 And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
 Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
 Favor'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory' above his peers,
 He trusted to have equal'd the most High, 40
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God
 Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
 With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantin chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.